Mysterious Murder

OF

THREE PERSONS,

In a London Cab

Oh! list awhile to this sad story,
Oh! list awhile I pray to me,
And soon I will lay before ye,
A most dreadful tragedy;
A woman, and her own two children,
In, London, has been murdered sad,
By a man, who was her husband
The three was poisoned in a cab.

'Ere but a few short days was over,
From death no skill on earth could save;
Two pretty maidens and their mother,
And the father too lay in the grave.

It was on the 7th of November.
Eighteen hundred and sixty-three,
Committed was this dreadful murder—
The sad and awful tragedy.
From the Eastern Counties Railway,
The Cabmen his fare onward drove,
The man and woman and two children,
To the Royal Oak, in Westbourne Grove

On Holborn Hill the cab was stopped,
The man got out, as we can hear,
At the same time telling of the cabman
Some business he would transact near
And he must onward be proceeding,
So onward quick the cabman drove,
Expecting he would follow after,
To the Royal Oak in Westbourne Grove

When to the Royal Oak arrived,
The cabman to the door did go,
And there a dreadful sight he saw,
Which filled him with care and woe;
A woman and her two dear children,
Oh! how horrible and sad,
They in the arms of death was sleeping,
In the dreary lonesome cab.

In Camberwell, Hunt there resided,
Near to the spot as may be found,
Where some years ago, one James Greenacre
Cruelly murdered Hannah Brown;
Justice closely did pursue him,
To the cottage where he did dwell,
From whence he drove his wife & children
To the Eastern Counties from Camberwell.

It is a most mysterious murder,
Whatever could his motive be,
He when examined on the subject,
Talked of rows and jealousy.
From Camberwell to Shoreditch station
There hired another cab and drove,
His murdered wife and pretty children,
To the Royal Oak in Westbourne Grove

The villain did not want for money,
Why should he take each precious life
Why should he kill two pretty maidens
Though he had quarrelled with his wife?
That he should die it was a pity,
Had he for trial went, we'd see,
The dreadful cause of this foul murder,
And we might have known the mystery.

It was in a pretty cottage,
With his wife and children he did dwell
Might have lived happy and contented,
Respectable at Camberwell;
But he did kill his wife and children,
He was at the time possessed of wealth
And when he found justice pursued him,
The wretched murderer killed himself.

Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St, Giles London.

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